Hefty Naturals

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Hefty Naturals

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Summary

One night in the bedroom, Vox proposes a "something new" for him and Alastor to try...

Notes

You can thank x_Arcticfox_x for this. They have some very good ideas over on Twitter :)

See the end of the work for more notes

Alastor likes to think he's gotten a lot better about this whole sex thing.

He is able to accomplish it, for one. And with near regularity at that! He has even managed to find certain components of sex that he, dare say, might even *enjoy*!

Delightful sounds, for instance, were in abundance. While Alastor could do without the squelching of fluids and slapping of skin, he did find pleasure in wringing out whimpers and coaxing moans and prompting begs.

There were also quite a few physical sensations he liked. The bite of nails against his skin. The quiver of oversensitive nerves under his touch. The racing pulse of blood beneath his lips.

But it wasn't all grand. Alastor still doesn't quite enjoy the feeling of skin on his own, for instance, though he has gotten used to fully striping down during these *activities* with Vox. A necessity after ruining one too many shirts.

("*I'm* too messy? Vox had shrieked indignantly when Alastor had first brought it up, "I'm not the one getting blood everywhere!")

So tonight finds Alastor completely bare, utterly exposed, as he climbs onto Vox's bed after him and watches the other flop down onto his back.

"Okay, so I wanna try something new tonight," Vox announces as he drums his fingers nervously against his stomach.

Alastor takes a moment to gather himself before speaking.

The last time Vox wanted to try 'something new' the night ended quickly with Vox crying in the bathroom tub with one of Alastor's antlers ripped out of Alastor's skull and impaled through his right buttock.

The haphazard surgery was a mess of blood and tears and, honestly it was one of the more fun nights for Alastor. But putting up with Vox's endless complaining after the fact and, worse, his tasteless jokes about Alastor tearing him a new asshole wasn't worth a repeat.

Needless to say, Vox hasn't asked to 'sit on Alastor's face' since.

So it is with great caution that Alastor replies with, "what do you have in mind?"

Vox looks downright giddy with Alastor's go ahead and he jolts upright in an instant. "I want you to titfuck me."

Alastor fights the urge to immediately leave. "You want me to, apologies, *what* is it you want me to do?"

Vox scoffs and rolls his eyes like *Alastor* is the odd one for needing clarification.

"I want **you**,"

He points at Alastor.

"To fuck **me**,"

He points to himself.

"Between my **tits**."

He gestures to the wide expense of his chest.

Alastor regards Vox's somewhat demeaning explanation with a flat expression, hoping his blatant irritation is made perfectly clear despite the smile.

"Your...tits?"

The word feels ridiculous on his tongue, but Vox does that shivery little whimper when Alastor engages in the more vulgar language of the bedroom. With such obvious approval, Alastor feels rather less embarrassed for using it.

"Yeah," Vox agrees, his voice lower, rougher. It's a pleasant rumble that Alastor likes to feel vibrate between their touching chests.

A chest that Vox would apparently prefer he fuck.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," Alastor can't help himself from pressing. "You're a man."

"Mm, yeah baby, you know it." Vox practically growls as he crawls over to where Alastor sits.

He as good as plasters himself to Alastor's side, his body warm and thrumming faintly from the machinery nestled within, and plants wet kisses along Alastor's shoulders.

Already he can feel Vox's manhood coming to life against his leg. Alastor pushes him away before the other starts to rut against him like some mindless animal.

"Well then, pardon the confusion, but you don't have 'tits' to fuck."

Vox scowls at him before capitulating to Alastor's shove and sitting back on his heels. "Yeah I do. I mean, what else would you call these?"

He gestures against the wide expanse of flesh that is his chest.

"Your chest," he states flatly. "Everyone has one."

"Yeah, but most guys aren't exactly walking around milkers like these, are they?" Vox fondles the soft globes of his chest with a smirk, but it fades away when Alastor doesn't laugh along

with him.

"Oh, come on, don't tell me you haven't even *noticed* them?"

"I have."

"So then what's the problem?"

"There isn't, I suppose," and there truly isn't one. Simply, Alastor is unable to manage wrapping his head around this particular request.

"I just don't see why you're calling them 'tits' when you're a man."

Vox releases his 'tits' (they sway and knock into one another from the momentum) and he sighs like Alastor is the most difficult person he's ever met.

Rude.

"Okay, so let me get this straight. You accept that I'm a man. And you've noticed my breasts. And, what, you just blindly accepted them?"

"I don't see what I was supposed to do?"

"I dunno, ask about them?! Christ I've been waiting months for you to finally bring them up!"

Alastor crosses his arms, reading to be the one at fault with this misunderstanding. "Well you're the one who always says my queries are 'mood killers'."

"Wha- yeah! They *are* when you ask me who the artist is on my sex playlist and stop in the middle of things until I look them up! Asking me about my tits are distinctly *not* a mood killer. In fact, it's kinda the opposite!"

"You...you actually like these?" Alastor quirks his brow, unable to fully hide his disbelief.

"Fuck yeah I do!" Vox cheers. "Why do you think I put them there?"

Alastor feels like he needs a map for this conversation for how lost he suddenly is. "You *put* them there?"

"Of course I did! What, you think I was born with hefty naturals like these?"

He held them again, one cradled in the palm of each hand, and gave them a jiggle in what he likely thinks is an enticing manner.

"I had to add some extra processors into my system hardware while your were gone, and they kinda stuck out a bit. And well, if I'm gonna have shit jutting out from my chest, then I wanna be PS5 Laura Croft, not PS1 Laura Croft, you know?"

Alastor didn't, but he doesn't say so, as that never seems to really stop Vox anyways.

"And plus," Vox continues, "now I've got tits to play with whenever I want!"

Now Alastor was back in familiar territory and he welcomes it with an equally familiar scoff. "Ugh, you vulgar reprobate."

Also familiar is the opposite effect his degrading words tend to have on Vox.

"Oh yeah, baby, you know it," he moans as he fondles his breasts.

Alastor watches as the tip of Vox's thumb slips into the crevice of his USB port, where most people's nipples were, and he shivers on the spot.

The sound of Vox's pleased groan does at least succeed in making Alastor's heart beat just a little faster. He suspects his body is going to need all the help it can get to become interested in *this* particular coupling.

Vox goes on to squeeze his breasts together and gives them a little shake. "Come on, don't they look good? Don't they remind you of something?"

Alastor regrets it most of the time, but he tries to be considerate and humor Vox. He glances down to the mounds of dark flesh squished together.

"Cleavage?" He hazards a guess.

He can't stop his left ear from flicking in irritation as Vox responds with an ugly guffaw. "No, Babe, come on. Think about it. What else do you like to stick your dick into?"

"It doesn't look very much like your asshole," and Alastor knows he doesn't need to look down to confirm that.

There goes his laugh again, and by process of elimination (that being he knows the sight doesn't exactly resemble a mouth either) Alastor can make an educated guess as to what the answer is.

Vox at least saves him from having to say it.

"Come on, Al, doesn't it look at least a little like a pussy?"

"I don't know, you tell me,"

And with that, Vox finally sees fit to remember that Alastor had never bothered to go to such lengths for a partner before him. Idiot.

An idiot you chose, he chastises himself as Vox suddenly looses the ability to look Alastor in the eye.

If only it could last.

"Okay then, well, it's not perfect, but it, well, no it doesn't really feel all that much like vag really either."

Alastor rolls his eyes. "Then why even make the comparison?"

"I dunno," he shrugs, "to get you in the mood?"

He wiggles his eyebrows.

Alastor stares back at him.

"It didn't work."

Vox laughs. Not so much at him, Alastor can tell, but moreso at the situation. "No, a lot of stuff ever does, but that's why we gotta try so much stuff out. Anyways, you get the gist of what to do?"

"I believe so. You want me to rub my penis between your...chest-"

"Breasts," he corrects.

"Your, *breasts*, until I ejaculate."

"On my face," Vox emphasizes, as if this detail were something dire.

"Of course. On your face." Alastor feels the need to take a breath for the patience to continue. "Dare I ask why?"

Vox flops back onto the pillows with a groan. "You never did before? Why bother now?"

His voice is petulant, downright churlish. So to appease him just a bit, Alastor climbs onto him and straddles his chest. Vox's hands immediately latch onto Alastor's hips, like he thought they belonged there, and Alastor lets them stay.

The thumbs rubbing circles into his hip bones does feel rather pleasant, after all.

"It's just," he begins, "I suppose I can understand the sex itself. The whole...prostate thing, was it? But I'm not sure I understand how you could enjoy this?"

Vox shrugs, cavalier as ever. "Same way I enjoy giving you head. I like the visuals."

"Ah, right, how could I forget. You and your *visuals*."

"Damn straight! And come on, don't tell me you don't like the idea of coming all over this," he uses one hand to gesture to his screen with a flourish. "Marking your territory and all that."

"I'm not an animal."

"Could've fooled me," Vox hummed as the other hand that still rested on Alastor's hip slid back to tug on his tail.

Alastor slapped his away before a moan could escape his lips.

"Come on, are you gonna do it or what?"

Is he? Alastor considers the idea and isn't *repulsed*. That is, he's not all that enthusiastic about it either.

If anything, he's mostly just confused.

Granted, he'd felt similarly when Vox first suggested oral sex. An act that he could be pressed to admit his enjoyment of on certain occasions. And he couldn't see how this particular act could be any *more* awkward that letting Vox suck him off.

And while Alastor doesn't necessarily think he owes Vox anything in return for the other man respecting his boundaries (no matter how readily and eagerly he does so) he sees no reason to deny the man on principle.

"Alright then."

Vox grins up at him and Alastor feels a bubble of fondness towards him well in his chest.

Until Vox winks in what he presumably intends to be a sultry manner and demands that Alastor "hurry up and fuck my titties good".

But he managed to block out present Vox's attempts at dirty talk and instead strokes himself to the memories of past Vox's simpering whimpers and desperate pleas, of claws raking down his back and frequencies jumping erratically from one station to the next, of warm flesh under his hands and hot blood across his tongue.

He's reasonably hard soon enough, and he opens his eyes to see the flushed tip of his cock glistening under the insipid glow of those LED light strips. Precum dribbled from his cockhead down onto Vox's waiting chest in sloppy splats.

Vox looks like he's positively buzzing with excitement.

So Alastor doesn't waste any more time and takes himself in hand. He smears the head of his turgid cock between Vox's breasts, lubricating the surface thoroughly, before smooshing them together and creating a slick valley for his cock to run through.

He presses in, and the sensation is rather unique. Soft and supple, but not in the same way a mouth or anus is. This is firmer, more structured, and adjusting the pressure of his hands changes the way Vox's breasts squeezes around his shaft.

Vox, meanwhile, can't take his eyes away, seemingly memorized by the head of Alastor's cock as it slides between the mounds of warm flesh that encase his manhood.

Alastor starts slow, getting used to the feel before picking up speed, chasing his orgasim in a uniquely selfish manner.

His heartbeat quickens like he's on a hunt as he plunges his cock into that welcoming valley of flesh again and again and again. His blood sings. His bones shiver. His mind quiets until all he can register is pure, atavistic pleasure.

He almost forgets that Vox is underneath him until the man speaks.

"Mm, fuck yeah baby," Vox moans throatily. "Say some shit to me."

Alastor's pace falters at the interruption. "Like *what*?"

"Come on, you know what I like. You're so good at it too."

Alastor sneers down his demanding bedmate. "I'm already fucking your breasts and that's still not enough? Are you really that much of a slut?"

"Oh *fuck* yeah," Vox groans as he throws his head back onto the pillow, "yeah, I'm your little slut."

"Oh, you're *proud* of that, are you? Is your self respect really that low?"

Vox whimpers beneath him, so Alastor continues.

"It makes sense.The only thing you're good at is taking cock and asking for more."

As Alastor picks up speed, pumping between Vox's breasts, the weeping tip of his cock pokes the bottom of Vox's monitor.

Vox cranes his neck with a keening whine and opens his mouth. His pants ghost across the wet tip of Alastor's cock. It's a peculiar sensation and Alastor can't quite tell it he likes it or not, but whatever the case, it's sending sublime shivers through his gut and up his spine.

That dastardly tongue of Vox's lolls out obscenely in desperate hopes of catching a mere taste.

So Alastor immediately stops to slap him in the side of his monitor.

"Do you think you deserve a taste?"

Vox blinks up at him, a little stunned perhaps. Alastor gives him the benefit of a few seconds to pull himself together, but when no answer comes he slaps Vox again.

"N-no," Vox stutters out.

Alastor looms over him, feeling a heady thrill as he sees his silhouette eclipse Vox. "Do you think you deserve any part of me inside you?"

"No," Vox whispers.

"That's right," Alastor grins and starts his thrusting anew.

He can feel Vox's heart thrumming wildly against his cock as his warm breasts cradle his throbbing shaft.

"You don't deserve to have me inside you. Not any part of me. All you're good for us being used, you understand?"

"Yes," Vox gasps, "oh fuck yes. Yes!"

There is a lewd squelch of wet flesh slapping against flesh that echoes throughout the room, only growing louder the harder and faster Alastor thrusts.

It's matched only by the debauched moans Vox makes as his body is rocked into the mattress by the force of Alastor's pounding.

Alastor adjusts his grip on Vox's breasts and his thumbs brush against those ports. He recalls the way Vox had fingered them earlier and doesn't hesitate to dig his own claws in.

Vox's half-lidded eyes shoot open the instant he does, and he jolts beneath Alastor with a strangled gasp. It's not until Alastor sends the first pulse of radio waves through him that Vox starts to tremble with a shakey moans.

He writhes between Alastor's legs with each successive radio wave, his moans pitching and rolling along with Alastor's frequency like he's singing, and *oh* what music to the ears he is.

His positively vulgar little picture box~

Sweat drips down the curve of Alastor's spine as he pounds harder into that cavity of flesh enveloping him so perfectly. He finds a savage delight in the heady rush overtaking his mind, turning everything into a crackling burst of ecstasy that percolated throughout his every fiber of being.

Alastor can tell by the mounting pressure in his gut that he coming close, so he sends another flurry of wavelengths through Vox's ports to shove him over the edge first.

Vox jolts beneath Alastor, his moans turning scratchy and glitchy as his systems are quickly overloaded.

Alastor watches, just as enamored as the first time it happened, as Vox's screen shuffles erratically between rainbow bars and warning texts and fuzzy static while his body twitches and spasms before finally arching in a dramatic bow.

As Vox comes with a garbled shout, his signal flares briefly, powerful and captivating like a firework, before he collapses beneath Alastor in a heap.

The face that is projected across his screen is fuzzy, soft like an out of focus picture, and he stares up at Alastor with a dopey grin that makes a warmth percolate throughout Alastor's chest.

And he can't stop himself from slowing down with his thrusts and being gentle to the sweet face beneath him. Alastor rolls his hips into Vox's breasts slowly, his frenzied rush becoming a savoured delicacy.

"Are you going to be a good boy for me?" Alastor finds himself cooing.

Vox nods eagerly, a delirious glaze overtaking his eyes as he stares up at Alastor with absolute adoration.

Alastor rewards him with a tender caress to the side of his monitor, his thumb stroking sweetly beneath his eye.

"Then hold still for me, Darling."

Vox obediently freezes beneath Alastor, and he slams his hips forward a few more times before he comes with a groan. Thick ropes of cum spurt from his cockhead, splattering across Vox's screen and smearing between his breasts as Alastor continues to roll his hips through his orgasm.

His body shivers from hoof to antler with a euphoric shimmer, and his body soon melts into a loose and fuzzy puddle that isn't quite *there*. He savors the feeling of detached bliss while it lasts.

Alastor's knees give out, and his weight collapses onto Vox's torso, who is busy catching his own breath with quick, greedy gasps for air that push his soiled breasts up and out with every pull.

The pearlescent ropes of cum practically glow against the darkness of Vox's skin, and Alastor almost feels a little disgusted with himself for feeling proud over his handiwork.

But he's mostly just irritated that Vox had been right.

For a few wonderful moments, there is just them and the silence.

"Wow," Vox gasps, his voice rough with a ragged awe. "That was, *fuck.*"

"Indeed it was," Alastor agrees, his smirk only deepening when Vox fixes him with a somewhat derisive glare.

But he's too out of it to put any proper venom behind it, a fact that has Alastor preening, if just a bit, for having caused it.

He carefully rolls off of Vox's torso and props himself up against the headboard. And after a moment more of catching his breath, Vox does the same.

"Sooooo," Vox's eyes rove around the room before finally meeting with Alastor's. His eyes are pathetically hopeful. "Can I add this to the list?"

Alastor hums in thought, considering the very short list of sexual activities he approves of. The experience was...fairly good, all things considered. Nothing jumps out at him for being particularly repulsive, at least no more so than the act of sex intrinsically was.

He pretends to waver for a few more seconds, just to watch Vox squirm.

"I don't see why not," he concludes with a grin.

He pretends not to notice Vox's little fist pump on the other side of his body.

"Right, cool, cool, so um...wanna play some Vario Kart?"

Not particularly. But when Alastor looks over at this silly man covered in his spend with a hopeful gleam in his eyes, he is surprised to find that same warm fondness well up in his chest.

Unbidden.

Unanticipated.

But not unwelcome.

It seems as though tonight is going to be a night of humoring Vox and his whims. But there are worse things than giving Vox what he wants once in a while.

So Alastor gives his vulgar little picture box a smile, which he eagerly matches.

"Alright."

End Notes

Vox's USB nipples are inspired by several fanart depictions but the idea of Alastor stimulating them with his radio wavelengths comes from this fic USB C and static shocks by Demi_disASSter

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